

THE COMPILER.

A DEMOCRATIC AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

By H. J. STAHL.

"TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL."

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

40TH YEAR.

GETTYSBURG, PENN'A.: MONDAY, OCT. 19, 1857.

NO. 4.

TERMS OF THIS PAPER.

The *Republican Compiler* is published every Monday morning, by HENRY J. STAHL, at \$1.75 per annum if paid in advance. No subscription discontinued, unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid. Advertisements inserted at the usual rates. Job Printing done, neatly, cheaply, and with dispatch. Office in South Baltimore street, directly opposite Wampler's Tinning Establishment, one and a half squares from the Court-house, "Compiler" on the sign.

One Dollar & Seventy-five Cents, PAID IN ADVANCE. Will Secure the Regular Visit of "The Compiler."

to the Home of any Family in the County. ITS PERUSAL WILL AFFORD INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT. FOR FATHERS, MOTHERS, BROTHERS AND SISTERS, OLD AND YOUNG. No family should be without the *Compiler*. \$1.75 could be spent in no more profitable manner than by subscribing for the "COMPILER," which will furnish you with all the news of the day, the markets, the marriages and the deaths occurring in the community, with choice selections of literature, poetry, wit and humor, and all that will go to make up a first-rate Family Newspaper. Address the Editor and Proprietor, HENRY J. STAHL, May 18.

JOB PRINTING.

We are better prepared than ever to execute JON PRINTING, in its various branches. With two Presses, and an unusually large assortment of jobbing letter and other materials, the public may rest assured that for neatness and expedition in doing work, the "COMPILER" Office "can't be beat."

With a Larger Stock than Ever. JACOB NORRICK has just received from the city a large stock of GROCERIES, FISH, &c.,—the largest he has yet offered to the public, and which he is now opening, at his new location, *Kerr's Corner*, on Baltimore street. Give him a call! You will find his Coffee, Sugar, Molasses, Salt, Tea, and everything else, the best and the cheapest to be had in town—he having bought at low rates, and being determined to sell fast at small profits. Recollect, *Kerr's* old corner, Baltimore and High Streets. Gettysburg, May 11, 1857.

ADAMS COUNTY. Mutual Fire Insurance Company. Incorporated March 18, 1851.

President—George Swapp. Vice President—S. R. Russell. Secretary—D. A. Buehler. Treasurer—David McCurdy. Executive Committee—Robert McCurdy, Andrew Heintzelman, Jacob King, R. McCurdy, Jacob King, A. Heintzelman, D. McCurdy, J. K. Kerr, M. Eichelberger, S. R. Russell, A. B. Kurtz, Andrew Polley, S. Finkbecker, W. B. Wilson, H. A. Picking, Wm. E. McClellan, John Wolford, R. G. McCurdy, John Horner, E. W. Stahl, J. Aughlinbaugh, Abdiel F. Gitt.

This Company is limited in its operations to the county of Adams. It has been in successful operation for more than six years, and in that period has paid all losses and expenses, without any assessment, having also a large surplus capital in the Treasury. The Company employs no Agents—any business being done by the Managers, who are appointed by the stockholders. Any person desiring an Insurance, or applying to any of the above named Managers for further information.

The Executive Committee meets at the office of the Company on the 2nd Wednesday in every month, at 2 P. M.

Sept. 28, 1857.

NEW FIRM.

Family Groceries and Confections. The undersigned have purchased the Grocery Store of E. H. MINNIGH, on the Northeast corner of the Diamond, formerly occupied by A. B. Kurtz, where they invite the attention of all who may wish Groceries, Confections, Fruits—Coffee, Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Salt, Starch, Soda, Spices of all kinds, Lemons, Figs, Almonds, &c. Also, a fine assortment of chewing and smoking Tobacco, Segars, Snuff, &c. Country Produce taken in exchange for goods. Wm. BOYER & SON.

September 7, 1857.

The Franklin House, (FORMERLY THE GOLDEN HORSE), Corner of Franklin and Howard Streets, BALTIMORE.

DANIEL MCCOY, PROPRIETOR. Permanent and Transient Boarders accommodated with First-Class Board and Pleasant Rooms. CHARGES MODERATE. H. K. CADY, General Superintendent.

Sept. 28.

COAL—Persons desiring to lay in their winter's supply of Coal, will please send in their orders at once, as it can be furnished cheaper from wagons than from the Yard. Office in West Middle street.

SHEDS & BUEHLER.

FLOUR, CORN & OATS bought at all times by J. NORRICK, corner of Baltimore and High streets.

CANDLES AT 16 CENTS.—A first rate article of Mould Candles can be had, at 16 cents per pound, at NORRICK'S, Kerr's old corner.

QUEENSBURG, China, Glass and Stone-ware—a large assortment and selling cheap.

CORAN & PATTON'S.

JEWELRY & STATIONERY—any quantity and the best stock ever brought to this place. If you doubt it, call in and see for yourselves—at SCHICK'S.

BONNETS, Ribbons, Parasols and Shawls, to be had very cheap at

FAIRBANKS.

SUPERIOR article of Black Lead for

Shedding Soap, at

SHEDS & BUEHLER.

The Muse.

THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

A CRIMINAL INCIDENT.

BY HENRY J. STAHL.

"Give us a song!" the soldier cried, The outer trenches guarding, When the heated guns of the camps allied Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff, Lay grim and threatening under; And the tawny mound of the Malakoff No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. The Guardsman said: "We storm the forts to-morrow; Sing while we may, another day Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side, Below the smoking cannon— Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde, And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame; Forget was Britain's glory; Each heart recalled a different name, But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song, Until its tender passion Rose like an anthem, rich and strong— Their battle-cry confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak, Yet as the song grew louder, Something upon the soldier's cheek Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned The bloody sun-set's embers, While the Crimean valleys learned How English love remembers.

At once again the fire of hell Rained from the Russian quarters, With scream of shot and burst of shell, And bellowing of the mortars.

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim For a singer, dumb and gory; And English Mary mourns for him Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Ah, soldier! to your honored rest Your truth and val'ry bearing, The bravest are the tenderest— The loving are the daring.

Story Book.

THE NEW SCHOOLMASTER.

BY R. P. SHILLABER.

That was a strange school at Rocky Valley—a perfect democracy—for the scholars always had their own way, and settled the matter with the utmost promptness regarding their teachers. If they liked him, good; if not, down with him. The consequence was that the teachers in the Rocky Valley school had not succeeded very well in advancing the minds of the youthful republicans entrusted to their charge. The boys acted their own pleasure about study, and never troubled themselves much whether they learned anything or not—at any rate the schoolmaster "didn't dare to lick 'em" in case of failure. At last the parents, as they saw the small proficiency their boys were making, looked into it a little, and being shrewd and sensible people, guessed at the difficulty. They at once advertised for a new teacher, and distinctly specified that he must possess nerve and spirit—understood by the very expressive term "backbone."

Several presented themselves for trial. Young students came, with excellent recommendations, but they stayed only a day or two. They could not withstand the ridicule and opposition they had to encounter. There were large boys in the school, and the teacher measured the muscular development of the scholars in his estimate of his chances of success in the event of a struggle. It was a queer state of things in Rocky Valley.

The boys were not really malicious boys, and were naturally bright and capable, but their teacher, a lad about sixteen, was a hard case—the master of them all by conquest—and held a sway over them such as the grandest monarch in the world holds over his subjects. They acknowledged his power, and believed him to be invincible. It was his word that had decided the professional fate of all the teachers.

After a year's bootless trying to secure a teacher, one made his appearance, passed examination creditably, and was accepted by the school committee. A notice was placed on the door of the school house and on the door of the church, that school would begin on Monday following, under the charge of Mr. Judson, and the minister read the notice from the pulpit. Speculation was rife as to the new teacher, and as few had seen him, many questions were asked with regard to him. The boys held a special caucus, at which, of course, Bill Brown was moderator, and it was voted that the new master must be put down, as it was the best fishing season, and the books would interfere with the sports of the boys.

On Monday morning the boys were seen moving in little knots towards the school-house, busy with their plans of operation. "I wonder how big he is?" said Seth Goodwin; "I hope he isn't one of them savage fellows."

"I don't care how big he is, nor how savage he is," said Bill Brown; "if he don't walk Spanish in less than a week, then I raise my goose."

"I don't know how we are going to learn anything if we don't have a teacher," said a little voice of the number.

"You shut up," said the leader; "I don't want to hear anything like that again."

The boy was silent, and they walked on, still talking of the new teacher, unaware of the proximity of a delicate-looking stranger, apparently about twenty years old, who was walking in the same direction with themselves.

They approached the school-house, and when they got there they became conscious of the presence of the pale young man in their midst.

"Good morning, my lads," he said, smilingly; "we are to begin a new career together to-day, and I sincerely hope we shall like each other. I shall try everything in my power to please you that is consistent with duty, and I shall expect the same from you. I wish you to regard me as your friend at the commencement, and I shall certainly act from friendly feeling. I like your appearance, and believe that we shall have but little trouble in agreeing."

The speech evidently made an impression, but Bill Brown went around whispering, "That's all bosh, for I see the shape of a coward in his pocket," which awakened, as he intended it should, a combative spirit in all he spoke to. They went into the school; the boys took their places, and the master mounted his tripod. But little was done in the morning. The restlessness of arrangement and the getting used to the school-house produced confusion, and the commencement of business was deferred until the next day. The school was dismissed at noon, and master and scholars separated—the former with an impression that he had a vigorous and a bright set of boys to manage—a little hard in the mouth, perhaps, but who could be made tractable—and the latter that the teacher could be managed by the persuasive force of strong arms, but that it was best to wait and see how things would work.

They came together with the same feeling the next morning; classes were formed and all preliminaries settled, and everything commenced as happily as need be desired. The teacher's heart was happy in the thought of his success, when, glancing down through a lane of boys, he detected an improper gesture from Bill Brown, and saw it repeated, even though the boy's eyes, he knew, were fixed upon his own.

"Young man, come up here," he said in a gentle but firm tone. Brown looked round upon his companions, and with a force movement of bravado left his seat and approached the master.

"I expect a spirit of obedience in my school, my young friend," said the teacher, "and shall insist upon it."

"I don't care what you expect," growled the young ruffian; "I should like to see you help yourself."

The teacher bit his lip, while his face whitened, especially as he heard a snickering laugh spread around among the scholars, but he showed no other signs of temper, unless it might have appeared in his eye.

"Will you return to your seat and behave yourself?" said he, "and thus remove the necessity for my helping myself."

"No, I won't," was the reply. "Then," said the young teacher, "you shall be made to obey me."

He reached to his desk as he spoke, and took his ruler therefrom, when, turning to the rebel, he told him to hold out his hand. The boy, with a surly and impudent brow, kept his hand persistently in his pocket, looking, at the same time, around the school for encouragement. He evidently regarded the matter as easy of conquest, and felt sufficient strength within himself to cope with the schoolmaster.

"Hold out your hand, sir," the teacher repeated, in a more commanding tone. Refusing to obey, he received a smart rap on the knuckles from the ruler, when, drawing his right hand suddenly from his pocket, he gave the teacher a very severe flip on the side of the head, and then "pitched in." In a moment the school was in confusion. The bold boys mounted the benches to see the progress of the row, and the timid sat trembling, waiting the result very anxiously.

The master, when thus assailed, did not hesitate for a moment. His delicate frame seemed to dilate with the spirit evoked by the young ruffian, and a sinewy strength to pervade him. He was smaller than his antagonist, but had, by judicious training, developed his muscle in a powerful degree. He threw his ruler away and grappled with his antagonist, and the struggle for mastery commenced in earnest—science against strength. The boys evidently thought their associate needed no assistance, for they did not move to aid him, and thus the field was left to the two combatants.

They swayed this way and that way, back and forth, hither and thither, straining and striving, pulling and jerking, till, with a master-stroke of science, the master brought his pupil forward on his knees, and then, by an adroit twist, turned him over on his back, like a turtle at Hall's waiting for the immobilizing knife.

Immediately improving his opportunity, he threw himself upon his prostrate foe, and commenced mauling him in the most improved chancery mode—hammering away at him, perhaps in a manner not exactly sanctioned by the rules of the ring, but fully justified by the exigency of the case. The boys seemed paralyzed with astonishment at the unexpected result; and the bully, after an unsuccessful attempt to release him-

self, roared out lustily for quarter, which was granted on condition of good behavior while in school. He was then allowed to get up, and in the vocabulary of the ring was found to be severely "punished." His nose had suffered, and his eyes were essentially bungled up. He looked the sneaking and used up wretch, and stood before his mates a conquered game chicken. His influence was from that moment gone; and when the master stood up before his school, as calm and collected as if he had merely been setting a copy instead of an example, they sank into their seats with an implied concession that they had found their master. Not a sound was heard from one of them.

"Well, boys," said he, "if there is any other one here who is disposed to disobey me, I should like to have the matter settled now. Those disposed to be obedient, and will pledge themselves to obedience, will please rise in their seats."

They all rose. "Now I will tell you," said he, "that I am disposed to yield equal and exact justice to all—kindly if you will, but as you will, (looking significantly at Brown.) Be good boys, and I am your friend. I am going to take a botanical stroll in the woods on Wednesday, and those who behave themselves well in the meantime may accompany me. Do you wish to go?"

"Yes, sir," was the unanimous voice. He felt that he had triumphed, and bade them be seated.

"Now, Brown," said he, "I must finish up this matter with you. You seem sore in body and spirit, and you may either go or stay. If you think you have been wronged, appeal to those who may right you."

Brown went to his seat and gathered up his books, and with a sneaking, hang-dog sort of a look, he departed. The boys settled down to their studies, and the school became cheerful and industrious.

The next day Bill Brown's mother called to abuse the teacher for his violence toward her boy. He referred her to the school committee, and bade her good morning. The school committee investigated the case, and said he had served him right, and the justice of the village, when aware of the decision of the committee, would have nothing to do with it. In a week's time the boy came and asked to enter the school, which was granted without a word of reproach or a word of promise. He was evidently cured. He grew to be the best scholar in school, graduated with honor, became a successful merchant of Boston, and every year, on his visit to Rocky Valley, visits the school, and tells with tears in his eyes, the lesson the new schoolmaster taught him, and the good it did him.

The new schoolmaster is now growing old in the station where he began so strangely many years ago. He has his botanical walks still, when all of his school attend with him—making good behavior the condition of their so doing. These excursions on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons have quite killed several cirruses, that came into the village, as not one of the scholars chose to deprive himself of the walk for the sake of the other attraction.

I was at Rocky Valley last winter, on a Wednesday, and went down on the pleasant pond near the school-house to indulge in the old sport of skating, which I had not done for years. The day was fair and the ice clear as crystal. Hearing a tremendous shouting, I looked towards the end of the pond and saw a crowd of boys on skates pursuing a man who kept well ahead, and when they came up to where I was, like an army with banners, I saw it was the teacher. He recognized me and stopped.

"Ah," says I, "Mr. Judson, I see you are the same old boy."

"Yes," replied he, "we are all boys such days as this, and such skating as this."

"Don't the parents think strange of you for your frivolous conduct?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, "some like those described by Holmes—"

"Distract the sure flower that blossoms on the shoot. As though wisdom's old potato may not flourish at the root."

But the boys are my inspiration, and as they are pleased so am I."

He swept away with his train of boys, and a happier band never woke glad echoes out doors than those who were in chase to beat the schoolmaster. He had never had occasion, as I afterwards learned, to flag a boy in his school after the first day, and he had the reputation of having the best school in the country.

An "old subscriber" to the New York Journal of Commerce writes the following note to the editors of that paper:

"Although my vote was cast in opposition to President Buchanan, the dignity and purity of our Chief Magistrate as shown thus far in his administration, and especially in that able and excellent reply to Professor Silliman and others, cannot fail to win the esteem and support of Mr. Addington, conservative, Christian men."

"Do you keep bar here?" inquired a traveler of a gentlemanly bar room loafer, a few days since.

"No, sir; the bar keeps me here."

Carlyle says—"Make yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure there is one rascal less in the world."

A coquette is a rose-bush, from which each young beau plucks a leaf, and the thorns are left for the besotted.

Miscellaneous.

Gov. Marcy and Gen. Scott.

The writer of the interesting "Recollections of William L. Marcy," in the *New York Examiner*, gives the following statements, as creditable to Mr. Marcy's candor and patriotism as complimentary to the military genius of Gen. Scott:

"In one of my last interviews with Gov. Marcy, I received from his own lips a full statement of the circumstances attending the appointment of Gen. Scott to the command of the army in Mexico. It will be remembered that, in Gov. Marcy's famous letter to the President at the close of the war, the Governor referred to this appointment as one in the responsibility of which he had a 'full share.' This was modestly said. The appointment was, in the strongest sense, Gov. Marcy's own. The 'soup' correspondence of Gen. Scott had given mortal offence to the President and his Cabinet. It was Gov. Marcy's judgment, nevertheless, that Gen. Scott was the proper person to command the army, and he formed the deliberate purpose of securing his appointment. Mr. Polk repelled the proposition at once. 'But you will hear me,' said Gov. Marcy. 'Certainly,' I will hear," said the President; "but the breach between the Administration and Gen. Scott is irreparable. The President did hear, and was convinced. The Cabinet heard and were convinced. There remained one difficulty. There was a man, then powerful in the Democratic party, and in the Senate, who must be reconciled to the measure, in order to make it politically safe. Gov. Marcy was commissioned to silence the batteries of the great thunderer. 'You have given me,' said he, 'the most difficult task of my life, but I will not shrink from it. I regret that I cannot depict the interview, of which he gave me so graphic an account. The commission was successful. Gen. Scott was assigned to the command—personally unfriendly, a political opponent, and a recognized aspirant for the Presidency. The arguments used by Gov. Marcy to secure this result were as creditable to his magnanimity as they were to his wisdom and patriotism."

California Poetry.

When from my room I chance to stray, To spend an hour at the close of day, I ever find the place so dear, Where some friend treats to larger cheer.

Sacramento Age.

Ab! yes, my friend, of city life, sure such a true cure such a strife, but better than such a dose, by far, are the pleasures of a fine sear.—*Pleasant Herald.*

Such pleasure may suit bolder minds, but with the good no favor finds; We think the purest joy of life, is making love to one's own wife.—*Forcane Ledger.*

Most wise your choice, my friend, in Hyman's joys your cares to end, but we, though tired of single life, can't boast of having our own wife, and so when "neath our cares we faint, we try to kiss some gal that ain't yet.—*Napa Reporter.*

That "lager beer" will bile provoke, while "fine flavanias" end in smoke. To court one's own wife is better far, than lager beer and vile sear. Kisses, the dew of love's young morning, break on the lips as soon as born. These are naught to that greatest joy—the first proud glance at your first-born boy.—*Boston Ledger.*

"Is true a boy's a wished for blessing, but then suppose the first a girl! A daughter child with ways carressing, with pouting lip and faxen curl, with dimpled cheeks and laughing eye, to come and bid "papa" good-by! Who better boy or plusher 'other, embrace the babe and then the mother!"—*San Francisco Globe.*

"You have testified, Mr. Doty, that in your opinion my client is a blackguard."

"I have."

"What reason have you, sir, for such an opinion?"

"The company he keeps."

"Whose company, sir?"

"Yours."

"Don't insult me, sir."

"Are you ashamed of the character and conduct of your client?"

"You are a blackguard."

"Your associate is unable you to be a good judge of the article."

"You may go, sir. May the court please call the next witness?"

"Can you tell me what are the wages here?" inquired a laborer of a boy.

"I don't know, sir."

"What does your father get at the end of the week?"

"Get," said the boy; "why he gets as tight as a brick."

Johnny, one bright evening, was standing by the window gazing at the stars, and after looking very intently, he turned and said to his mother, who was sitting by him:

"Mamma, what are those bright little things in the sky? Are they the moon's little babies?"

If we could read the secret history of our enmities, we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all our enmity.

Remarkable.—Mr. R. W. Haines, living near the Buck, in South County township, Chester county, has at this time in his orchard, an apple tree in full bloom, and looking well, appearance, as if the spring-time were just arrived.

A Virginia Snake Story.

A correspondent of the Abingdon Democrat, writing from Walnut Hill, Lee County, Va., who is, as the Democrat assures its readers, "a gentleman in whom implicit confidence may be placed," gives the following account of the killing of a monster reptile in Harlan County, Ky. He says:

"About three weeks ago five men went to gather whortleberries in the mountainous part of Harlan County, Kentucky, and in their travels came to a small branch at the foot of a steep ridge, where they discovered a smooth beaten path, or rather slide that led from the branch up the ridge. Curiosity tempted them to know its meaning, and they followed the trail to the top of the ridge, where to their astonishment, they found about an acre of ground perfectly smooth and destitute of vegetation, near the centre of which they discovered a small sink or cave, large enough to admit a salt barrel. They concluded to drop in a few stones, and presently their ears were assailed with a rattling noise, and an enormous serpent made his appearance, blowing and spreading his head, and his forked tongue protruded. The men were struck with wonder and fright, and suddenly the atmosphere was filled with a smell so nauseating that three out of the five were taken very sick, the other two, discovering the condition of their companions, dragged them away from the abode of death. About ten feet of the snake had to their judgment, made its appearance, when they hurried home and told what they had seen to their neighbors."

"The next day were mounted some ten of the hardy mountaineers, armed with rifles, determined to destroy the monster. On approaching within one hundred yards of the dwelling of his snakeship, their horses suddenly became restive, and neither kindness nor force could make them go any nearer. The men dismounted and hitching their horses proceeded on foot with rifles cocked to the mouth of the cave. They hurried in three or four large stones, and fell back some fifteen steps when the same noise was heard as before, and out came the dreadful reptile, ready, as his looks indicated, to crush the intruders. About the same length of the snake had appeared from the hole, when eight or ten bullets went through his head, and, as the monster died, he kept crawling out until twenty feet of that huge boa lay motionless on the ground."

It was a rattlesnake, with twenty-eight rattles—the first was four inches in diameter, the rest decreasing in size to the last. With difficulty the men dragged him home and his skin can now be seen by the curious in Harlan County."

The True Mohometan Spirit.—A certain good natured Vermont farmer preserved his constant good nature, let what would turn up. One day, while the black tongue prevailed in the State, one of his men came in, bringing the news that one of his red oxen was dead.

"Is he?" said the old man; "well, he always was a broody cuss. Take off his hide and carry it down to Fletcher's, it will bring the cash."

An hour or two afterwards, the man came back with the news, that "line back" and his mate were both dead.

"Are they?" said the old man; "well, I took them from B—to save a bad debt, that I never expected to get. It is lucky that it ain't the brindle. Take the hides down to Fletcher's, they will bring the cash."

After the lapse of an hour, the man came again, to inform him that the high brindle was dead.

"Is he?" said the old man, "well, he was a very old ox. Take off his hide, and take it down to Fletcher's; it is worth more than any of the two others."

Hereupon, his wife, who was a very pious sort, taking upon herself the office of Eliphaz, reprimanded her husband severely, and asked him if he was not aware that his loss was a judgment from heaven, upon his wickedness.

"Is it?" said the old fellow; "well, if they take judgment in cattle, it is the easiest way I can pay them."

Is Any Body Looking for Me?—A party of Louisville bloods were standing on the forward deck of a steamer bound for St. Louis, and watching the varied scenes on the levee. A man who looked as though he might be "from the rural districts," attracted their attention and one of the crowd suggested that some fun might be had out of him. One more aspiring than the rest volunteered to try it on, and going on shore he approached the stranger, who was evidently in deep cogitation.

The "blood" walked up to the stranger, and said: "Green up!" and slapping him on the shoulder, exclaimed: "Here you are! I've been looking for you all day," at the same time winking to his comrades. The "green up" turned and knocked him down, exclaiming: "May be there's some one else looking for me; if so, I'm here to be found."

Wearing Veils.—A celebrated writer says that the wearing of veils permanently weakens many naturally good eyes, on account of the endeavors of the eye to adjust itself to the ceaseless vibration of that too common article of dress.

A Boston paper, giving a puff to a minister, says:—"His prayer at the end of his sermon was the most eloquent that was ever addressed to a Boston audience."

A Dissatisfied Man of War.

John Fitzgerald enlisted on Saturday in the United States Army, for the purpose of putting down "them ere salts at Utah." On Monday afternoon Mr. Fitzgerald appeared at the New York Police office to enter complaint against the United States for "obtaining soldiers under false pretences." Mr. Fitzgerald was slightly inebriated.

"What do you want?"

"A warrant (hiccup) 'gainst States of Moriky."

"For what?"

"False (hiccup), false 'tences. 'For obtaining soldiers by false 'tences' (hiccup).

"In what respect?"

"They agreed to give me eight dollars a month and a first rate suit of clothes (hiccup). Call that a suit of clothes? Look at that coat—so short waisted in the back, it lifts you off the ground (hiccup). Look at them pants (hiccup). So long waisted in the seat, might use the slack (hiccup) for a back room to sleep in."

"And for that you want a warrant for false pretences against the government?"

"I don't want nothing else (hiccup). I'm not to be done by such a pair of trousers no day."

The Justice refused to grant a warrant, whereupon Mr. Fitzgerald left the office promising to write to the President, and have "another pair of trousers, or blood." The moment President Buchanan's letter is received, we shall publish it, as a matter of course.

Brandy from the Chinese Sugar Cane.

A correspondent of the New York

Rev. Mr. WERNER has received and accepted a call from the Mar. Creek and Hunterstown Congregation (which have been united under one pastoral charge.) Mr. Werner has the last couple of years had charge of the Associate Reformed Congregation of this county.

York—Friday last.	
Flour, per bbl., from wagons,	\$5 25
Do., " from stores,	6 50
Wheat, per bushel,	1 08 @ 1 20
Rye, "	70
Corn, "	85
Oats, "	30
Cloverseed, "	5 09
Timothy, "	2 50
Plaster, per ton,	6 50

Money Found.
SUM of money was found in
Post-office, in this place,
The owner can have it by
and paying for this advertise
at the Post-office. Oc

New Millinery.
MISS LOUISA KATE LITTLE
 inform the Ladies of town and
 that she is now prepared to execute
 in all its branches, in West Middle
 few doors below Mr. George Little's
 A Work done cheaper than elsewhere
 Please call and see.
 April 21, 1856.

CHEAP DRESS GOODS.—
the handloomist and cheap
Dress Goods and laces. Stairs in
store of **GEO. ARN**

removes
possl. A
without
MLER.
will find
Ladies'
at the
& CO.

he hereby gives notice to all persons in-
ed to said estate to make immediate pay-
and those having claims against the same
present them properly authenticated for
fiatment. JOHN B. GALBRAITH, Adm-
Sept. 28, 1857. Gt

MISSes' and Children's Plate of all
and at very low prices at
COBBEN & PAXTON

undersigned, the first named residing in Newburg township, and the last named in East Berlin, Hamilton township, they hereby give notice to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them properly authenticated for settlement.

JOHN GRISWOLD JR.
HUGH MOSKESKY,

Sept. 14, 1867. *Attest*

THE COMPILER.

A DEMOCRATIC AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

By H. J. STAHL.

40TH YEAR.

GETTYSBURG, PENN'A.: MONDAY, OCT. 19, 1857.

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

NO. 4.

TERMS OF THIS PAPER.

The Republic Compiler is published every Monday morning, by HENRY J. STAHL, at \$1.75 per annum if paid in advance. No subscription discontinued, unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid. Advertisements inserted at the usual rates. Job Printing done, neatly, cheaply, and with dispatch.

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JUST FROM THE CITY. With a Larger Stock than Ever. JACOB NORBECK has just received from the city a large stock of GROCERIES, FISH, &c.,—the largest and best offered to the public, and which he is now offering at his new location, *Kerr's Corner*, on Baltimore street. Give him a call! You will find his Coffee, Sugar, Molasses, Salt, Teas, and everything else, the best and the cheapest to be had in town—he having bought at low rates, and being determined to sell first at small profits. Reckless, Kerr's old corner, Baltimore and High Street. Gettysburg, May 11, 1857.

ADAMS COUNTY Mutual Fire Insurance Company. Incorporated March 18, 1851.

OFFICERS. President—George Swopes. Vice President—S. R. Russell. Secretary—W. A. Bechler. Treasurer—David McCready. **Directors.**—George Swopes, D. A. Bechler, R. McCready, Jacob King, H. Heintzelman, D. McCready, J. K. Kerr, M. Eichelberger, S. R. Russell, A. B. Kurtz, Andrew Polley, S. Fahnestock, Wm. B. Wilson, H. A. Pickens, Wm. E. McClellan, John Wolford, L. G. McCready, John Howard, E. W. Stahl, J. A. Gough, Abner F. Gitt. This Company is limited in its operations to the county of Adams. It has been in successful operation for more than six years, and in that period has paid all losses and expenses, without any exception, having also a large surplus capital in the Treasury. The Company employs no Agents—all business being done by the Managers, who are annually elected by the Stockholders. Any person desiring an Insurance can apply to any of the above named Managers for further information.

The Executive Committee meets at the office of the Company on the last Wednesday in every month, at 2, P. M.

Sept. 28, 1857.

NEW FIRM.

Family Groceries and Confections. The undersigned have purchased the Grocery Store of E. H. MINNIGILL, on the Northeast corner of the Diamond, formerly occupied by A. B. Kurtz, where they invite the attention of all who may wish Groceries, Confections, Fruits—Coffee, Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Salt, Starch, Soda, Spices of all kinds, Lemons, Figs, Almonds, &c. Also, a fine assortment of chewing and smoking Tobacco, Segars, Snuff, &c. Country Produce taken in exchange for goods.

WM. BOYER & SON.

September 7, 1857.

The Franklin House,

(formerly the Golden Horse,) Corner of Franklin and Howard Streets, BALTIMORE.

DANIEL MCCOY, PROPRIETOR.

Permanent and Transient Boarders accommodated with First-Class Board and Pleasant Rooms. CHARGES MODERATE.

IL R. CADY, General Superintendent.

Sept. 28.

COAL!

Persons desiring to lay in their Winter's supply of Coal, will please send in their orders at once, as it can be furnished cheaper from wagons than from the Yard—Office in West Market street.

SHEPARD & BUEHLER.

FLOUR, CORN & OATS bought at all times by J. NORBECK, corner of Baltimore and High streets.

CANDLES AT 16 CENTS.—A first rate article of Mould Candles can be had, at 16 cents per pound, at NORBECK'S, Kerr's old corner.

QUEENSWARE, China, Glass and Stencil ware—a large assortment and selling cheap. CORNAN & PATTON'S.

JEWELRY & STATIONERY—any quantity and the best stock ever brought to this place. If you doubt it, call on SCHECK'S.

BONNETS, Ribbons, Parasols and Shawls, to be had very cheap at FAHNESTOCK'S.

SUPERIOR article of Black Lead for blackening Stoves, for sale by SHEPARD & BUEHLER.

The Muse.

THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

A CRIMEAN INCIDENT.

BY RAYMOND TAYLOR.

"Give us a song!" the soldier cried, The outer trenches guarding. When the heated guns of the camps allied Grew weary of bombardment.

The dark Roland, in silent sear, Lay grim and threatening under; And the tawny mound of the Malakoff No longer belied its thunder.

There was a pause. The Guardsman said: "We stem the forts to-morrow; Sing while we may, another day Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side, Below the smacking cannon— Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde, And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame; Forgot was Britain's glory; Each heart recalled a different name, But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song, Until its tender passion Rose like an anthem, rich and strong— Their battle-voice confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak, Yet as the song grew louder, Something upon the soldier's cheek Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burnd The bloody sun-set's embers, While the Crimean valleys leamed How English love remembers.

At once again the fire of hell Rained from the Russian quarters, With screams of shot and burst of shell, And howling of the mortars.

And Irish Nova's eyes are dim For a Singer, dumb and gory; And English Mary in arms for him Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Ah, soldier! in your honored rest Your truth and val'or bearing, The bravest are the truest— The loving are the daring.

Story Book.

THE NEW SCHOOLMASTER.

BY R. P. SHILLABER.

That was a strange school at Rocky Valley—a perfect democracy—for the scholars always had their own way, and settled the matter with the utmost promptness regarding their teachers. If they liked him, good; if not, down with him. The consequence was that the teachers in the Rocky Valley school had not succeeded very well in advancing the minds of the youthful republicans entrusted to their charge. The boys acted their own pleasure about study, and never troubled themselves much whether they learned anything or not—at any rate the schoolmaster "didn't dare to lick 'em" in case of failure. At last the parents, as they saw the small proficiency their boys were making, looked into it a little, and being shrewd and sensible people, guessed at the difficulty. They at once advertised for a new teacher, and distinctly specified that he must possess nerve and spirit—understood by the very expressive term "backbone."

Several presented themselves for trial. Young students came, with excellent recommendations, but they stayed only a day or two. They could not withstand the ridicule and opposition they had to encounter. There were large boys in the school, and the teacher insured the muscular development of the scholars in his estimate of his chances of success in the event of a struggle. It was a queer state of things in Rocky Valley.

The boys were not really malicious boys, and were naturally bright and capable, but their teacher, a lad about sixteen, was a hard case—the master of them all by conquest—and held a sway over them such as the grandest monarch in the world holds over his subjects. They acknowledged his power, and believed him to be invincible. It was his word that had decided the professional fate of all the teachers.

After a year's bootless trying to secure a teacher, one made his appearance, passed examination creditably, and was accepted by the school committee. A notice was placed on the door of the school house and on the door of the church, that school would begin on Monday following, under the charge of Mr. Judson, and the minister read the notice from the pulpit. Speculation was rife as to the new teacher, and as few had seen him, many questions were asked with regard to him. The boys held a special caucus, at which, of course, Bill Brown was moderator, and it was voted that the new master must be put down, as it was the best fishing season, and the books would interfere with the sports of the brooks.

On Monday morning the boys were seen moving in little knots towards the school-house, busy with their plans of operation. "I wonder how big he is?" said Seth Goodwin; "I hope he isn't one of them savage fellows."

"I don't care how big he is, nor how savage he is," said Bill Brown; "if he don't walk Spanish in less than a week, then I miss my guess."

"I don't know how we are going to learn anything if we don't have a teacher," said a little voice of the number.

"You shut up," said the leader; "I don't want to hear anything like that again." The boy was silent, and they walked on, still talking of the new teacher, unaware of the proximity of a delicate-looking stranger, apparently about twenty years old, who was walking in the same direction with themselves. They approached the school-house, and when they got there they became conscious of the presence of the pale young man in their midst.

"Good morning, my lads," he said, smilingly; "we are to begin a new career together to-day, and I sincerely hope we shall like each other. I shall try everything in my power to please you that is consistent with duty, and I shall expect the same from you. I wish you to regard me as your friend at the commencement, and I shall certainly act from friendly feeling. I like your appearance, and believe that we shall have but little trouble in agreeing."

The speech evidently made an impression, but Bill Brown went around whispering, "That's all hush, for I see the shape of a cowhide in his pocket," which awakened, as he intended it should, a combative spirit in all he spoke to. They went into the school; the boys took their places, and the master mounted his tripod. But little was done in the morning. The restlessness of arrangement and the getting used to the school-house produced confusion, and the commencement of business was deferred until the next day. The school was dismissed at noon, and master and scholars separated—the former with an impression that he had a vigorous and a bright set of boys to manage—a little hard in the month, perhaps, but who could be made tractable—and the latter that the teacher could be managed by the persuasive force of strong arms, but that it was best to wait and see how things would work.

They came together with the same feeling the next morning; classes were formed and all preliminaries settled, and everything commenced as happily as could be desired. The teacher's heart was happy in the thought of his success, when, glancing down through a lane of boys, he detected an improper gesture from Bill Brown, and saw it repeated, even though the boy's eyes, he knew, were fixed upon his own.

"Young man, come up here," he said in a gentle but firm tone. Brown looked round upon his companions, and with a fierce movement of bravado left his seat and approached the master.

"I expect a spirit of obedience in my school, my young friend," said the teacher, "and shall insist upon it." "I don't care what you expect," growled the young ruffian; "I should like to see you help yourself!"

The teacher bit his lip, which his face whitened, especially as he heard a snickering laugh spread around among the scholars, but he showed no other signs of temper, unless it might have appeared in his eye.

"Will you return to your seat and behave yourself?" said he, "and thus remove the necessity for my helping myself."

"No, I won't," was the reply. "Then," said the young teacher, "you shall be made to obey me." He reached to his desk as he spoke, and took his ruler therefrom, when, turning to the rebel, he told him to hold out his hand. The boy, with a snarl and impudent brow, kept his hand persistently in his pocket, looking at the same time, around the school for encouragement. He evidently regarded the matter as easy of conquest, and felt sufficient strength within himself to cope with the schoolmaster.

"Hold out your hand, sir," the teacher repeated, in a more commanding tone. Refusing to obey, he received a smart rap on the knuckles from the ruler, when, drawing his right hand suddenly from his pocket, he gave the teacher a very severe flogging on the side of the head, and then "pitched in." In a moment the school was in confusion. The bold boys mounted the benches to see the progress of the row, and the timid sat trembling, waiting the result very anxiously.

The master, when thus assailed, did not hesitate for a moment. His delicate frame seemed to dilate with the spirit evoked by the young ruffian, and a sinewy strength to pervade him. He was smaller than his antagonist, but had, by judicious training, developed his muscles in a powerful degree. He threw his ruler away and grappled with his antagonist, and the struggle for mastery commenced in earnest—science against strength. The boys evidently thought their associate needed no assistance, for they did not move to aid him, and thus the field was left to the two combatants.

They swayed thus way and that way, back and forth, hither and thither, straining and striving, pulling and jerking, till, with a master-stroke of science, the master brought his pupil forward on his knees, and then, by an adroit twist, turned him over on his back, like a turtle at Hall's waiting for the immortal knife.

Immediately improving his opportunity, he threw himself upon his prostrate foe, and commenced mauling him in the most improved chancery mode—hammering away at him, perhaps in a manner not exactly sanctioned by the rules of the ring, but fully justified by the exigency of the case. The boys seemed paralyzed with astonishment at the unexpected result; and the bully, after an unsuccessful attempt to release him-

self, roared out lustily for quarter, which was granted on condition of good behavior while in school. He was then allowed to get up, and in the vocabulary of the ring was found to be severely "punished." His nose had suffered, and his eyes were essentially bungled up. He looked the snickering and used up wretch, and stood before his mates a conquered game chicken. His influence was from that moment gone; and when the master stood up before his school, as calm and collected as if he had merely been setting a copy instead of an example, they sank into their seats, with an implied concession that they had found their master. Not a sound was heard from one of them.

"Well, boys," said he, "if there is any other one here who is disposed to disobey me, I should like to have the matter settled now. Those disposed to be obedient, and will pledge themselves to obedience, will please rise in their seats."

They all rose. "Now I will tell you," said he, "that I am disposed to yield equal and exact justice to all—kindly if you will, but as you will, (looking significantly at Brown.) Be good boys, and I am your friend. I am going to take a botanical stroll in the woods on Wednesday, and those who behave themselves well in the meantime may accompany me. Do you wish to go?"

"Yes, sir," was the unanimous voice. He felt that he had triumphed, and bade them be seated. "Now, Brown," said he, "I must finish up this matter with you. You seem sore in body and spirit, and you may either go or stay. If you think you have been wronged, appeal to those who may right you."

Brown went to his seat and gathered up his books, and with a snickering, hanging sort of a look, he departed. The boys settled down to their studies, and the school became cheerful and industrious.

The next day Bill Brown's mother called to advise the teacher that his violence toward her boy. He referred her to the school committee, and bade her good night. The school committee investigated the case, and said he had served him right, and the justice of the village, when aware of the decision of the committee, would have nothing to do with it. In a week's time the boy came and asked to enter the school, which was granted without a word of reproach or a word of promise. He was evidently cured. He grew to be the best scholar in school, graduated with honor, became a successful merchant of Rocky Valley, visits the school, and tells with tears in his eyes, the lesson the new schoolmaster taught him, and the good it did him.

The new schoolmaster is now growing old in the station where he began so strangely many years ago. He has his hair white, still, when all of his school attend with him—he making good behavior the condition of their so doing. These excursions on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons have quite killed several cireuses that came into the village, as not one of the scholars chose to deprive himself of the walk for the sake of the other attraction.

I was at Rocky Valley last winter, on a Wednesday, and went down on the pleasant pond near the school-house to indulge in the old sport of skating, which I had not done for years. The day was fair and the ice clear as crystal. Hearing a tremendous shouting, I looked towards the end of the pond and saw a crowd of boys on skates pursuing a man who kept well ahead, and when they came up to where I was, like an army with banners, I saw it was the teacher. He recognized me and stopped.

"Ah," said I, "Mr. Judson, I see you are the same old boy." "Yes," replied he, "we are all boys such days as this, and such skating as this."

"Don't the parents think strange of you for your frivolous conduct?" I asked. "Yes," he said, "some like those described by Holmes."

"Disturb the azure flower that blossoms on the shoot. As though wisdom's old potato may not flourish at the root, but the boys are my inspiration, and as they are pleased so am I."

He swept away with his train of boys, and a happier band never woke glad echoes out doors than those who were in chase to beat the schoolmaster. He had never had occasion, as I afterwards learned, to flog a boy in his school after the first day, and he had the reputation of having the best school in the county.

An "old subscriber" to the New York Journal of Commerce writes the following note to the editors of that paper: "Although my vote was cast in opposition to President Buchanan, the dignity and purity of our Chief Magistrate as shown thus far in his administration, and especially in that able and excellent reply to Professor Siliman and others, cannot fail to win the esteem and support of law-adding, conservative, Christian men."

"Do you keep bar here?" inquired a traveler of a gentlemanly bar room loafer, a few days since. "No, sir; the bar keeps me here."

Carlyle says—"Make yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure there is no real lacer in the world."

A coquette is a rose-bush, from which each young beau plucks a leaf and the thorns are left for the husband.

Miscellaneous.

Gov. Marcy and Gen. Scott.

The writer of the interesting "Recollections of William L. Marcy," in the New York Examiner, gives the following statements, as creditable to Mr. Marcy's endow and patriotism as complimentary to the military genius of Gen. Scott:

"In one of my last interviews with Gov. Marcy, I received from his own lips a full statement of the circumstances attending the appointment of Gen. Scott to the command of the army in Mexico. It will be remembered that, in Gov. Marcy's famous letter to Gen. Scott, at the close of the war, the Governor referred to this appointment as one in the responsibility of which he had a full share. This was modestly said. The appointment was, in the strongest sense, Gov. Marcy's own. The 'soup' correspondence of Gen. Scott had given mortal offence to the President and his Cabinet. It was Gov. Marcy's judgment, nevertheless, that Gen. Scott was the proper person to command the army, and he formed the deliberate purpose of securing his appointment. Mr. Polk repelled the proposition at once. But you will hear me," said Gov. Marcy. "Certainly, I will hear," said the President; "but the breach between the Administration and Gen. Scott is irreparable. The President did hear, and was convinced. The Cabinet heard, and was convinced. There remained one difficult. There was a man, then powerful in the Democratic party and in the Senate, who must be reconciled to the measure, in order to make it politically safe. Gov. Marcy was commissioned to silence the batteries of the great thunders. 'You have given me,' said he, 'the most difficult task of my life, and I will not shrink from it.' I regret that I cannot depict the interview, of which he gave me so graphic an account. The commission was successful. Gen. Scott was assigned to the command—personally unfriendly, a political opponent, and a recognized aspirant for the Presidency. The arguments used by Gov. Marcy to secure this result were as creditable to his magnanimity as they were to his wisdom and patriotism."

California Poetry. When from my room I chance to stray, To spend an hour at the close of day, I ever find the place so dear, Where some friend treats to larger beer.

Starvation's Age. Ah! yes, my friend, of city life, sure such a treat, even such a strife, but better than such a dose, by far, are the pleasures of a fine saga.—*Power Herald.*

Such pleasures may suit baser minds, but with the good to favor finds; we think the purest joy of life, is making love to one's own wife.—*Verano Luller.*

Most wise your choice, my friend, in hymene's joys your cares to end, but we, though tired of single life, can't boast of having our own wife, and so when "neath our cares we faint, we fly to kiss some gal that ain't—yet.—*Napa R. Porter.*

"That 'lager beer' will hide peacock, while 'fine Havams' and in smoke. To count one's own wife is better far, than liquor beer and vile cigar. Kisses, the dew of love's young morn, break on the lips as soon as born. These all are naught to that greatest joy—the first proud glance at your first-born boy!—*Ernest Ledger.*

"Tis true a boy's a wished for blessing, but then suppose the first a girl! A dear sweet child with ways curdling, with pouting lip and fawn curl, with dimpled cheeks and laughing eye, to come and bid 'papa' good by! So whether boy or whether 'tother, embrace the babe and then the mother!—*San Francisco Globe.*

"You have testified, Mr. Doty, that in your opinion my client is a blackguard." "I have."

"What reason have you, sir, for such an opinion?" "The company he keeps." "Whose company, sir?" "A young man's."

"Don't insult me, sir?" "Are you ashamed of the character and conduct of your client?" "You are a blackguard." "Your associations enable you to be a good judge of the article." "You may go, sir. May the court please call the next witness?"

"Can you tell me what are the wages here?" inquired a laborer of a boy. "I don't know, sir." "What does your father get at the end of the week?" "Get," said the boy; "why he gets as tight as a brick."

Johnny, one bright evening, was standing by the window gazing at the stars, and after looking very intently, he turned and said to his mother, who was sitting by him: "Mamma, what are those bright little things in the sky? Are they the moon's little babies?"

If we could read the secret history of our enemies, we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all our enmity.

Remarkable.—Mr. R. W. Haines, living near the Buck, in South Coventry township, Chester county, has, at this time, in his orchard, an apple tree in full bloom, and looking, to all appearance, as if the spring-time were just arrived.

A Virginia Snake Story.

A correspondent of the Abingdon Democrat, writing from Walnut Hill, Lee County, Va., who is, as the Democrat assures its readers, "a gentleman in whom implicit confidence may be placed," gives the following account of the killing of a monster reptile in Harlan County, Ky. He says:

"About three weeks ago five men went to gather whortleberries in the mountainous part of Harlan County, Kentucky, and in their travels came to a small branch at the foot of a steep ridge, where they discovered a smooth beaten path, or rather slide that led from the branch up the ridge. Curiosity tempted them to know its meaning, and they followed the trail to the top of the ridge, where to their astonishment they found about an acre of ground perfectly smooth and destitute of vegetation, near the centre of which they discovered a small sink or cave, large enough to admit a salt barrel. They concluded to drop in a few stones, and presently their ears were saluted with a loud, rumbling sound, accompanied with a rattling noise; and an enormous serpent made his appearance, blowing and spreading his head, and his forked tongue protruded. The men were struck with wonder and fright, and suddenly the atmosphere was filled with a smell so nauseating that three out of the five were taken very sick, the other two, discovering the condition of their companions, dragged them away from the abode of death. About ten feet of the snake had to their judgment, made its appearance, when they hurried home and told what they had seen to their neighbors."

The next day were mounted some ten of the hardy mountaineers, armed with rifles, determined to destroy the monster. On approaching within one hundred yards of the dwelling of his snakeship, their horses suddenly became nervous, and neither kindness nor force could make them go any nearer. The men dismounted and hitching their horses proceeded on foot with rifles cocked to the mouth of the cave. They hauled in three or four large stones, and fell back some fifteen steps, and some noise was heard as before, and out came the dreadful reptile, ready, as his looks indicated, to crush the intruders. About the same length of the snake had appeared from the hole, when eight or ten bullets went through his head, and, as the monster died, he kept crawling on until twenty feet of that huge box lay motionless on the ground. It was a rattlesnake, with twenty-eight rattles—the first was four inches in diameter, the rest decreasing in size to the last. With difficulty the men dragged him home and his skin can now be seen by the curious in Harlan county."

The True Mountain Spirit.—A certain good natured old Vermont farmer preserved his constant good nature, but what would turn up. One day, while the black tongue prevailed in that State, one of his men came in, bringing the news that one of his red oxen was dead. "Is he?" said the old man; "well, he always was a breezy cuss. Take off his hide and carry it down to Fletcher's; it will bring the cash."

An hour or two afterwards, the man came back with the news, that "Jine back" and his mate were both dead. "Are they?" said the old man; "well, I took them from B— to save a bad debt, that I never expected to get. It is lucky that it ain't the brimble. Take the hides down to Fletcher's, they will bring the cash."

After the lapse of an hour, the man came again, to inform him that the night bridle was dead. "Is he?" said the old man, "well, he was a very old ox. Take off his hide, and take it down to Fletcher's; it is worth more than any of the two others."

Hereupon, his wife, who was a very pious soul, taking upon herself the office of Eliphaz, reprimanded her husband severely, and asked him if he was not aware that his loss was a judgment from heaven, upon his wickedness.

"Is it?" said the old fellow; "well, if they take judgment in cattle, it is the easiest way I can pay them."

Is Any Body Looking for Me?—A party of Louisville bloods were standing on the forward deck of a steamer bound for St. Louis, and watching the varied scenes on the levees. A man who looked as though he might be "from the rural districts," attracted their attention and one of the crowd suggested that some fun might be had out of him. One more aspiring than the rest volunteered to try it on, and going on shore he approached the stranger, who was evidently in deep cogitation.

"The blood" walked up to the stranger, and slapping him on the shoulder, exclaimed, "Here you are—I've been looking for you all day," at the same time winking to his comrades. The "green un" turned and knocked him down, exclaiming, "May be there's some one else looking for me; if so, I'm here to be found."

Wearing Veils.—A celebrated writer says that the wearing of veils permanently weakens many naturally good eyes, on account of the endeavors of the eye to adjust itself to the ceaseless vibration of that too common article of dress.

A Boston paper, giving a puff to a minister, says: "His prayer at the end of his sermon was the most eloquent that was ever addressed to a Boston audience."

A Dissatisfied Man of War.

John Fitzgerald enlisted on Saturday in the United States Army, for the purpose of putting down "them ere saints at Utah." On Monday afternoon Mr. Fitzgerald appeared at the New York Police office to enter complaint against the United States for "obtaining soldiers under false pretences."

Mr. Fitzgerald was slightly incriminated. "What do you want?" "A warrant (hiccup) 'gainst States of Menky." "For what?" "False (hiccup), false 'tences. For obtaining soldiers by false 'tences," (hiccup).

"In what respect?" "They agreed to give me eight dollars a month and a first rate suit of clothes (hiccup). Call that a suit of clothes? Look at that coat—so short waisted in the back, it lifts you off the ground (hiccup). Look at them pants (hiccup). So long waisted in the seat, might as be slack (hiccup) for a back room to sleep in."

"And for that you want a warrant for false pretences against the government?" "I don't want nothing else (hiccup). I'm not to be done by such a pair of trousers no day."

The Justice refused to grant a warrant, whereupon Mr. Fitzgerald left the office promising to write to the President, and have "another pair of trousers, or blood." The moment President Buchanan's letter is received, we shall publish it, as a matter of course.

Brandy from the Chinese Sugar Cane. A correspondent of the New York Post sends to that paper a sample of very good brandy made from the syrup of the above named plant, and says that it costs about thirty cents per gallon to produce, and is worth in the market from \$1 to \$2 per gallon according to the quality. He suggests that the growth of this crop will enable the farmers to manufacture the spirit in the winter season, when they have no other occupation. They can make a gallon of proof spirit for each gallon of fermented syrup, and it will find ready sale at the rectifiers, who will turn it into alcohol for camphene and other uses. The writer adds:

"The quantity of alcohol alone, to say nothing of varnishes, chloroform, and medicinal extracts, is enormous, and was beginning to have a serious effect on the price of bread, owing to the wholesale destruction of cereals required to produce it. Now, however, we have found a substitute, besides supplying syrup and alcohol, will also yield from the same crop a large amount of forage and grain for the fattening of stock."

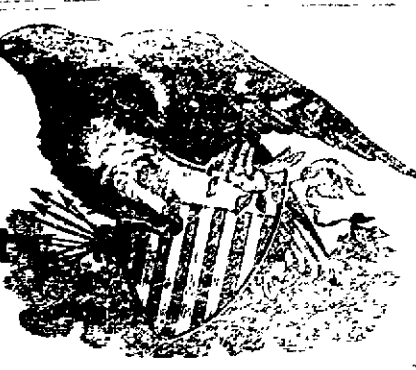
Lorenzo Dow, the celebrated itinerant preacher, once came across a man who was deeply lamenting that his axe had been stolen. Dow told the man that if he would come to meet with him he would find his axe. At the meeting, Dow had on the pulpit, in plain sight, a big stone. Suddenly, in the middle of his sermon, he stopped, took up the stone, and said: "An axe was stolen in this neighborhood last night, and if the man who took it don't deliver, I will hit him on the forehead with this stone." At the same time making a violent effort to throw it. A person present was seen to dodge. His head, and proved the guilty party.

Professor Doosticks.—Doosticks is immortalized and he did it himself. He has gone into the Patent Medicine business, and become a Professor. His formula is made. He is a great man, and a universal benefactor. Hear him tell how it was done.

"I bought a gallon of tar, a cake of beeswax, and a firkin of lard, and in twenty-one hours I presented to the world the first batch of Professor Doosticks' Patent Self-Acting Four Horse Power Balsam, designed to cure all diseases of mind, body, or estate; to give strength to the weak, money to the poor, bread and butter to the hungry, boots to the barefoot, decency to the blackguard, and honor to the politician. It acts physically, morally, psychologically, and geologically, and is intended to make our sublunary sphere a blissful paradise."

Bank Reforms.—The Philadelphia "Press" in some remarks on the present financial troubles, says: "The considerations suggested by the present exigency of affairs relate to first, a clearing house system; 2d, a sworn statement weekly (not yearly, as we now have it) of the means and liabilities of the banks; 3d, a law to regulate the proportion of specie to the amount; not of mere circulation, but of the entire liabilities of the banks; 4th, notes under a certain denomination; and 5th, in due time a more radical change in the whole system of banking than these few heads comprehend. These reforms would go far, but we fear not far enough, to prevent a recurrence of a monetary crisis like that which now exists."

Mr. Ex-President Fillmore's (about to marry a Montreal lady—*Ex-Change.*) "Oh, the wickedness and baseness of this generation! This great big fellow, going to marry a foreigner, and what is more, a Catholic! And what is more, he is actually participating in the Catholic worship at Montreal during a recent visit to his lady love! Oh for shame! curse in the ritual deep enough to reach such awful



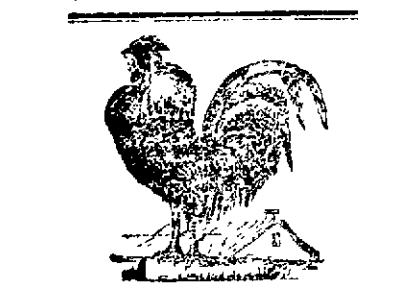
W. J. STABLE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
GETTYSBURG, PA.
Monday Morning, Oct. 19, 1857.

DEMOCRATIC JOYIFICATION!

A Grand Display of FIRE WORKS

Will take place in GETTYSBURG on Saturday Evening next, [Oct. 21] in honor of the triumph of Packer and the whole ticket! Some thing really attractive may be anticipated—brilliant as the magnificent victory which occasions it. Let the people of the county, old and young, come to witness the display and interchange congratulations. COME WITH A CRUSH!

The Democratic Triumph in the State and County will be celebrated at FAIRFIELD on Thursday Evening next, [Oct. 22]. A large turnout of the true-hearted Democracy of that region is expected on the occasion. Let the town be crowded!



VICTORY! VICTORY!!

Now, Chapman, for One of Your Loveliest Crows!

ADAMS FOR PACKER AND THE WHOLE TICKET!

The Managers Failed and their Forces Routed—Horse, Foot & Dragoons!

The battle of Tuesday was a spirited one in Adams, and the result has more than realized the most sanguine expectations. All honor to our sterling Democracy for their gallant bearing throughout the struggle! They have maintained their political integrity, and have nobly earned the palm of "Well Done! Well Done!" Proscription and fanaticism find no congenial soil here.

Notwithstanding the desperate industry of the Dark Lantern leaders and their candidates—notwithstanding their special efforts against three or more of our nominees—we have the satisfaction of announcing that THE ENTIRE DEMOCRATIC TICKET, FROM TOP TO BOTTOM, HAS BEEN SUCCESSFUL, by majorities handsome—indeed, brilliant! A result now for the first time accomplished in the history of the county. Is it wonderful that Democrats crow? Better reason for it could not be wished.

Look at the returns! The "figures" throughout "tell a tale" not to be disputed or mistaken. The vaunted strength of several of the opposition nominees dwindles into nothing. Those who inspired the most cheering hopes are slaughtered by their fellows. As an instance, John Scott was one of their main props—"a tower of strength," as they said. And yet Robert Martin, regarded as one of the most unpopular candidates on that ticket, received more votes than he did. Verily, verily, there is "a slip between the cup and the lip."

We might enlarge on this topic, but time and room are limited. Nobly, nobly done, non-hearted Democracy of Adams! Shout! Shout! This "glory" is not only enough "for one day," but for years!

Examine the returns. Are they not BEAUTIFUL?

Adams County—Official.

ELECTION—OCTOBER 13, 1857.

	Prothonotary.	Recorder.	Coroner.	Judges of the Supreme Court.
Gettysburg,	105	38	105	37
Cumberland,	99	118	102	119
Littletown,	48	33	50	31
Oxford,	22	208	238	192
York Springs,	157	254	139	245
Millsboro,	197	210	199	208
Berlin,	144	53	136	67
Menallen,	113	174	113	175
Hunterstown,	169	113	163	115
Franklin,	151	147	151	147
Conowingo,	119	26	105	31
Heidersburg,	72	86	76	53
Mountpleasant,	112	61	120	63
Hampden,	127	51	120	44
Berwick bor.,	22	34	22	35
Freedom,	49	48	49	48
Union,	106	37	106	37
Bader,	103	118	107	113
Berwick twp.,	50	30	50	34
2558	1939	2327	1961	
Assembly.				Sheriff.
Wm. A. Musellen	187	187	187	187
Gettysburg,	134	239	138	242
Cumberland,	98	125	98	125
Littletown,	93	67	97	66
Oxford,	123	61	119	57
York Springs,	152	263	138	261
Millsboro,	132	225	157	227
Berlin,	135	67	135	67
Menallen,	110	174	111	174
Hunterstown,	170	111	168	110
Franklin,	147	150	153	147
Conowingo,	134	33	139	26
Heidersburg,	74	86	78	56
Mountpleasant,	108	62	119	61
Hampden,	188	40	126	59
Berwick twp.,	1	61	126	35
Berwick bor.,	23	35	22	35
Freedom,	49	48	50	49

1 is now prepared to sell about
1,500,000 Acres of
CHOICE FARMING LANDS,
in tracts of about FORTY ACRES, on long credits
and at low rates of interest.

These lands were granted by the Govern-
ment to aid in the construction of this Road,
and are among the most fertile in the
world. They extend from the East and
North West, through the middle of the State,
to the extreme South, and include every variety
of climate and productions found between
these parallel degrees of latitude. The Northern
portion is chiefly prairie, interspersed with
line groves, and in the middle and Southern
sections timber predominates, alternating with
beautiful marshes.

The climate is more healthy, mild and equable, than any other part of the country—the air is pure and bracing, while living streams and springs of excellent water abound.

Bituminous Coal is extensively mined, and supplies a cheap and desirable fuel, being furnished at many points at \$2 to \$4 per ton—and wood can be had at the same rate per cord.

Building Stone of excellent quality also abounds, which can be procured for little more than the expense of transportation.

The great fertility of these lands, which are a black rich mould from two to five feet deep, and easily rolling—their contiguity to this broad river and the facility is furnished for travel and transportation, to the principal markets North, South, East and West, and the economy with which they can be cultivated, render them the most valuable in the

that can be found; and present the most favorable opportunity, for persons of industrious habits and small means, to acquire a comfortable independence in a few years.

Chicago is the greatest grain market in the world—and the facility and economy with which the products of these lands can be transported to this market, make them much more profitable, and the prices asked, than those more remote at government rates—the additional cost of transportation is a perpetual tax on the latter, which must be borne by the producer, in the reduced price he receives for his grain. &c.

The Title is Perfect—and when the final payments are made, Deeds are executed by the Trustee appointed by the State, and in whom the title is vested, to the purchasers, which convey to them absolute titles in Fee Simple, free and clear of every incumbrance.

The Prices are from \$6 to \$30; Interest only 3 per cent. Twenty per cent. will be deducted from the credit price for Cash.

Those who purchase on long credit, give notes payable in 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years after date, and are agreed to improve one-tenth annually for five years, so as to have one-half the land in cultivation, at the end of that time.

Competent Surveyors will accompany those who wish to examine these Lands, free of charge, and aid them in making selections.

The Lands remaining unsold are so rich and valuable as those which have been disposed of.

Notarial Maps will be sent to any one who will enclose fifty cents in Postage Stamps, and Books or Pamphlets, containing numerous instances of successful farming, given by

respectable and well known farmers living in the neighborhood of Railroad Lands, throughout the State—also the cost of fencing, price of cattle, expense of harvesting, threshing, etc.—and all other information will be cheerfully given on application, either personally or by letter, in English, French or German, addressed to

JOHN WILSON,
Land Commissioner of the Illinois Central R. R. Co.,
Office in Illinois Central Railroad Depot,
Chicago, Illinois.
April 20, 1857. 6m

TWO DAILY LIVES TO HANOVER.

EXTRA ACCOMMODATIONS.—The undersigned returns his thanks to the public for the encouragement heretofore extended to him, and takes pleasure in announcing that he has completed arrangements by

which TWO DAILY LINES of Coaches will run between Gettysburg and Hanover, to connect with the trains to and from Baltimore, York, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, &c. Persons desiring tickets or information will call on the undersigned, or on CHARLES TATE, Ticket Agent, at the Eagle Hotel, in Chambersburg street.

Special attention given to all packages, &c., or other business entrusted to the undersigned between Gettysburg and Hanover, which will be promptly and carefully attended to.

The undersigned has also effected arrangements by which he will be able to supply Coaches, Stages, &c., for Funerals and other occasions, at moderate charges.

NICHOLAS WEAVER.
Gettysburg, April 13, 1857.

PHILADELPHIA
Wood Moulding Mill,
Wilson Street, above Twelfth, North Side.
We have all the **Moulding** suitable for **Carpenters,**
Faciliars, Cabinet and Frame Makers,
worked to the best and most thoroughly seasoned
material, always on hand. Any pattern
worked from a drawing.
The subscriber having purchased the entire
interest, will continue the business with in-
creased facilities.
Agents wanted in the various towns in this
portion of the State, to whom opportunities
will be offered for large profits to themselves.
SAMUEL B. HENRY.
July 20, 1857. 3m

300 Doz. Nails and Forks.
HAVING just received of our own impor-
tation, from England, a large and ex-

tensive assortment of Cutlery, we invite the attention of those in want of any style of Knives and Forks, Carvers, Nat. Pies, &c., to our store, as we guarantee that our prices as will def. competition. Also, a large assortment of Table Forks, which will be sold separately. Don't forget to examine the stock at
FAHNESTOCKS',
Country Merchants can be supplied at a small advance. **May 18.**

THE PERRY COUNTY MUTUAL FIRE Insurance Company,
CAPITAL \$139,586—effects insurances in any part of the State, against loss by fire; prudently adapts its operations to its resources; affords complete indemnity, and promptly adjusts all losses.
Adams county is represented in the Board of Managers by Hon. Moses McFARLANE.

WM. McCLEAN, *Agent.*
Office of M. & W. McClean, Gettysburg.
May 26, 1856.

The Rev. C. S. Burnett,
WHILE laboring as a Missionary in Southern Asia, discovered a simple and certain Cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Nervous Debility, and all impurities of the Blood; also, an easy and effectual mode of Inhaling the Eucalypti. Acquainted by a desire to benefit his suffering fellow-men, he will cheerfully send the Recipe (free) to such as desire it, with full and explicit directions for preparing and successfully using the Medicine.

REV. C. S. BURNETT,
831 Broadway, N. Y. City.
August 3, 1857. Cm

LARGE ASSORTMENT OF SUMMER CLOTHING

A LARGEST lot of SUMMER CLOTHING,
selling at very low prices.
COBEAN & PAXTON'S.

FOR anything in the Flour, Grocery and
Provision line,
GILLESPIE & THOMAS.

2,000 PIECES OF WALL PAPER just
received and for sale at
COBEAN & PAXTON'S.

ORANGES, Lemons, Candies, Crackers,
Spices of all kinds, Fancy and Common
Soap, Hair Oils, &c., at
NORRICK'S.

TRUNKS, Carpet Bags, Valises, &c., of
best quality, and low rates, at
SON'S.